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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

LINCOLN

Of the common clay, and in mould uncouth
A wise Master fashioned a stalwart youth;
He gave him a past but indifferent good,
Mid poverty, hardship and toil he stood.
The spirit within was of other sort,
For Justice and Mercy the Master wrought
Into the shape 'til it glowed with beauty
And toil was changed to helpful duty.
Then a world found love in that homely face,
A wise Master's plan for the human race.

F. A. H.

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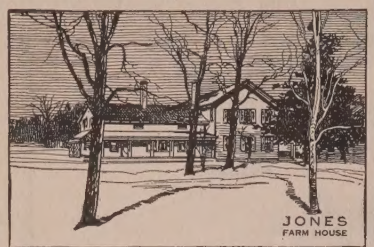

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10. NUMBER 24

A PRAYER.

God, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith
Give me the heart to fight and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be.
Make me more daring than devout,
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With Beauty, and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums,—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half done
Keep me with stern and stubborn pride
And when, at last, the fight is won.
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

It is good to hear a sympathetic word once in a while for the poor, patient horses suffering by the hundreds of thousands on the fields of war. Archdeacon Wilberforce of Westminster Abbey advocates prayers for such animals, and it is said is himself making use of one given to the world by St. Basil in 370 A. D.

That the war is acting as an enormous stimulant on the making of many books, is shown by a glance at the list of recent books in any periodical. No less than thirty appear in one group, under such headings at "War," "Preparedness," "Peace," etc. Magazine articles on the same lines are still more numerous. Every body from the "mollycoddle" up—and down—is having his chance to express himself. A person who had not already made up his mind, or who had not much mind to make up, would be in a fair way to lose what little he had left if he attempted to sort out a policy in the maze of opinions offered him.

The American Jewish Relief Committee report that they have in hand a fund to be used for the help of their suffering brothers in Russia and other war-ridden countries amounting to over $1,750,000. The result of President Wilson's proclamation setting apart a certain day for the special emphasizing of this good work, it is hoped will be the addition of over $2,000,000 to this fund. The Polish fund is also growing apace, though not so fast as the necessity would seem to require. It is estimated that at the great concert in the Auditorium in Chicago last Sunday, where Mr. Paderewski and his wife did such noble work for their compatriots, $40,000 was realized.

This is about the time when we may look for the first seedsman's catalogue of the year, with its highly colored pictures of impossibly gorgeous flowers, impossibly big melons and impossibly early vegetables. The men who are going pretty soon to sell us very small packages of seeds at a very high price, know the psychological moment in which to spring these beauties of artificial nature upon us. They know how ready the mind and heart of the nature-lover are to wake up after the season of long, chilly days, to the realization that spring is really coming some day, peonies and phlox and pie-plant will be peeping through the earthy crust, onions and beans and corn must be planted and cultivated. Somehow, poring over those fascinating pages, and planning to have very early peas and potatoes, very large tomatoes and egg-plants, and real heads to our lettuce, is the first harbinger of that spring which will renew our youth and bring us into harmony with all the growing, aspiring things of the out-of-doors.

President Wilson exhibited some qualities of courage as well as fine judgment in naming Louis D. Brandeis of Boston to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Court bench. In doing so the President probably realized very clearly that he was inviting strong opposition from certain quarters where Mr. Brandeis' energetic radicalism has given more than one entrenched corporation a bad quarter of an hour. That the opposition partly rests upon the fact of his being a Jew seems scarcely possible in this day and generation. The older members of the bar in Chicago can easily remember when Mr. Adolph Moses was defeated when running for the office of judge of the Circuit Court. Mr. Moses was exceptionally well fitted for the position, he was a gentleman who had not a personal enemy in the world, and even in the heat of the campaign nobody offered any kind of personal criticism against him except that he was a Jew, and on that ground alone he lost the election. But we have outgrown all that; today some of our very best and most respected judges, city, state and federal,

are Hebrews, and nobody thinks of raising the question as a live one. We feel that Mr. Brandeis' splendid record justifies the President's action, and that Mr. Brandeis will prove to be of the kind of timber that is badly needed in this very important position.

Time was when UNITY took note of and published in "The Field" the programs of practically all the new associations and groups formed throughout the country covering Peace Movements of every kind. It would be impossible to even take note of them now. Such movements are "borning" as ex-Gov. Hoard would say, every day. In the religious world every congress, every conference, every Monday morning meeting, and nearly every church, passes its resolutions and organizes a peace society and gives it a name. It is the same with social, business, educational and every other kind of group. One cannot always tell by the name what its members stand for, but we welcome them all. We know they will do a lot of talking and we hope they will talk themselves clear, so that, however "Preparedness" works itself out as a national issue, there will be in the country a compact body of thoughtful men and women who will know first-hand where they stand, and who will not be subject to the sway of demagogue or jingo, or the bogie of national fear.

"The Time Is Not Ripe"

How familiar it sounds! All down the ages every suggestion of forward movement has met it. Every adventurer, every pioneer, every dreamer of dreams has heard it repeated over and over.

Galileo heard it with the anathemas of the church thundering behind it; Christopher Columbus heard it in almost every European language; Clarke and Lewis and all the other pioneers of this country undoubtedly had pressed upon them the fact that they were forcing things—the time was not yet ripe.

There are many good people who entertain much love and respect for certain individuals who are found among the personnel of the Ford Expedition, but who do not approve of the expedition itself. These friends, kindly, and considerate of the convictions of others, gently express their own position by the use of the same formula. They say, "These friends are thoroughly sincere and earnest, but they are making a great mistake—the time is not ripe."

Others have used the same words with not so kindly a tone. Our strenuous Knight-of-the-Big-Stick, that impetuous, untiring initiator, who is certainly not in the habit of waiting until time becomes over-ripe, has also used the same expression in public print and speech in referring to the Ford Expedition, and he did not use it with gentleness, either, hardly with gentlemanliness. Indeed, his denunciations were characteristically and therefore unnecessarily violent. He has apparently forgotten how fair and worth-while seemed any reasonable effort toward the promotion of world-harmony at the time when he was inspired to bring together the representatives of Russia and Japan that they might meet face to face and consider the sweet reasonableness of peace. He has also not remembered that many critics at that time joined in the old chorus, "The time is not ripe; keep your hands off; you will do more harm than good."

History justified that action of the Colonel. History has long ago justified Galileo and Christopher Columbus, and Clarke and Lewis and all the rest. What history will do with the Ford Expedition is yet to be seen; but one thing is sure, the charge of weakness, of indecision, of fatal hesitancy in the face of high demands, can never be made against these men and women. They have shown the courage of their convictions in inviting the conservative verdict "Too soon," rather than risking that of "Too late."

A.L. K.

The *Literary Digest* for January 29th contains an illuminating article entitled "The Defense-Program Sagging." It says in part as follows:

> Mr. Bryan's statement that "the tide in favor of a big army and a big navy has passed its flood and the ebb has begun," is echoed with dismay by some observers who note that the administration's preparedness-program stands little chance in Congress unless strong support is promptly forthcoming. President Wilson's decision to "swing round the circle," especially in the Middle West, and put the issue directly before the people, is one feature of such support. And it is immediately met with the news that the anti-militarists are raising a fund to have the former Secretary of State follow his trail and talk for them. The opposition, we are told by a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, is much stronger through the Middle West than it was a year ago.

For this condition of things Mr. Bryan receives a large part of the credit, or the blame, according to the standpoint of the numerous papers cited, though other opponents of the defense-program are referred to as "the pacifists, the pork hunters, the hyphenates."

> The situation involves "present menace and the grave possibility of national disaster," according to the New York *Press*, which adds: "Congress today represents a crisscross of factional and sectional attitudes. It doesn't know what the people at home want because nobody has yet forced the people to declare themselves. The South and Central groups of States have manifested little concern about getting ready for something which to them looks so far away that it need not worry them. The seaboard East—accused by its critics of favoring militarism so that it may profit by manufacturing war supplies—and the Pacific Coast—charged with Japanophobia—are the only sections in which a real perception of the national posture is to be found."

"The ideal State will be that where only the pure in heart can get to the top; but he will have to be great in head, too."

One of the early American missionaries to China tells us that when he had finally convinced a Chinese scholar that there were schools in America, the immediate assumption was: "Then the people of your honorable nation are acquainted with the books of Confucius." It was a false assumption, and yet it is a great pity that more Americans are not familiar with the teachings which have moulded the lives of countless millions of our fellow creatures. An easy means of approach is offered by Mr. Miles Menander Dawson in "The Ethics of Confucius" (Putnam), for he has culled choice passages from the works of the Master and his commentators and gathered them under seven heads, such as, "What Constitutes the Superior Man," "Self-Development," "The Family," "The State," etc., and he has added a running comment of his own to link them together. Dr. Wu Ting Fang has provided a brief "foreword," and the work contains an ample index, so that favorite sayings may be easily found again.—*The Dial.*

A few years ago they had a teacher out at the University named William Vaughn Moody. In 1910 tuberculosis got his body away from us, but I know that Moody's spirit still visits the campus. I hope you know him, for he had something to say to Liberal Christians which they cannot afford to miss. Moody dealt with this question of the painful slowness with which man struggles up from the beasts.

Once a drunken man got shut up in a menagerie by accident. Moody says that he was

A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

As he sobered somewhat and watched the animals and heard their noises, a strange feeling came over him.

And suddenly, as in a flash of light,
I saw great Nature working out her plan;
Through all her shapes from mastodon to mite
Forever groping, testing, passing on,
To find at last the shape and soul of Man.

Now all these beasts are looking at this little drunken man and asking if he was this "MAN" that they had all lived for. To produce "this" had the creation suffered? Was "this" the last product of the toiling ages? He declares that when the caged animals around him looked at him as the final product of evolution, the whole place was one vast suspended shout of laughter. All laughed except a few that cried.

Why did all the daylight throb
With soundless guffaw and dumb-stricken sob?

The little "jagged" man declared that the judgment day will be a picnic compared with the satire of those beasts, so much worse than their fury could have been. He came out of it advising all humans to beware of all animals.

There may be a hidden meaning in their grin.

From the sermon given at All Souls Church, February 6, 1916, by Mr. Lewis B. Fisher.

MOUNTAINS.

The sun so loves the mountains that his beams
First rest on them in greetings of delight;
The last, before he seeks the land of dreams,
He bids a fond "Good-night."

Shelbyville, Indiana. ALONZO LEORA RICE.

THE PULPIT

A Series of Seven Sermons—Studies of Shakespearian Women

IV.

Shakespeare and Sex

By Alexander Webster

In his references to the sexual relations of men and women Shakespeare manifested a healthy naturalness. He respected the modesty of nature while he honestly faced all that was implied in its organisms and methods.

He recognized the fitness of every natural faculty and the sacredness of every function. He extenuated nothing and was not ashamed of anything. He had a philosophic interest in every natural act and considered it dispassionately while he interpreted the emotions connected with it.

He has been called coarse and lascivious in his references to sexual intercourse, but he is not really so. He is frank and unblushing in his speech regarding it, but there is no corrupt motive or actual evil tendency in his allusions. His free and easy talk has no indecency in its inspiration nor consciousness of impropriety, but is spontaneous, common and unashamed.

The talk in question is not merely of a vulgar sort, but is usual with lofty and educated persons. We find it on the lips of men and women uttered without the slightest sense of unchasteness and indelicacy.

Speech regarding sexual relations was commonplace in Shakespeare's day, and he reproduced it in familiar forms. It is not an evidence of immorality but of incidental sensation belonging to a stage of civilization, as innocent in its way as the feeling of animals. It sounds to us obscene and demoralizing, but it was really a habit, comparatively harmless. To the ear of Shakespeare it had its human significance, its picturesqueness and piquancy, and as a chronicler he was obliged to reproduce it with all its sensuous savoriness.

With regard to all that we have to realize that sexual relations were accepted then with chaste honesty as naturally belonging to human life, and referred to with ordinary frankness without shame.

In those days people were nearer to nature than we are now, less artificial and not so deeply exercised about morals. They lived more by instinct and had little sense of ethical problems. They were primarily animalistic and had all the joy of animals. They gloried in a magnificent materiality and had not risen to reflective spiritual consciousness.

In our semi-civilized condition, with but a half-conscious spirituality, we have false shames, hypocrisies and miserable shams. We are untrue to nature's modesty in its open life processes, and have therefore all manner of vices and diseases.

We profess decencies that are only deceptions and assume virtues that are really covert vices. We make ignorance of life processes moral, and concealment of natural sexual feeling pious, and so we "rot and rot and thereby hangs a tale."

Shakespeare throughout is true to nature and is the advocate of its health and wealth. He faces nature wonderingly and bravely, studies its structures and modes, accepts its facts and respects its laws. He is not ashamed of anything that nature requires to be

done. He hides his face from nothing, yet stands apart analyzing and reverencing. In this, as in other things, he was prophetic. He had an invincible respect for human nature and all that becomes man and woman.

He is specially concerned for the honor of woman and will not let the violation of it pass unchallenged. His weightiest scourge is plied on the ravisher of woman. He will not allow the jester at woman's chastity to have the victory. He allows free and even ribald conversation, but he takes care that there is some reproof and check. He introduces bawdry and plain wanton suggestion, but never applauds it. It stands in his pages condemned by its own unabashed declaration. If for a moment he seems to gloat sensually over an innuendo relished in the court or the street, he instantly recovers himself and whips the offence out of the word. Although he has to show licentiousness, introduce the language and air of the brothel, and expose the very lowest lust, he takes care, ere he lets the curtain fall, to give its place to purity and countenance to the loftiest virtue.

It is the spiritual that Shakespeare honors most highly; the fleshly has honor due to it and should be kept holy in its place, but the higher reverence is owed to the spirit's function because it has in it the control of the flesh.

In Iachimo he lets us see the reprobation of the man who makes light of woman's person and honor and of the spiritual love of man. The flippant Italian boasts that he could get at the virtue of any lady in the world, but it is not that he is actually determined on the ravage of female virtue as that he is egregiously egotistical and recklessly boastful. He wantonly wagers upon his boast and is prepared to resort to the basest means in order to win his bet. It is the ring on which his regard is set and his own reputation among the sensual braggarts, but of course he is fair enough to experience an actual carnal encounter with a desirable woman. Lower and guiltier than Iago Shakespeare places Iachimo. He cannot forgive the plotter against woman's virtue. The man that lies stealthily in wait for the opportunity to take advantage of woman is with him perpetually reprobate.

And in the same line of view he places the unchaste woman. He loathes Gertrude with immeasurable loathing. By Hamlet's reluctant decision he condemns her. Her son's regard for her suffers revulsion after the declaration of the Ghost. She had once been to him an "all-seeming, virtuous queen" who loved his great father sincerely. Now he knows she is incestuous and utterly corrupt. He abhors and yet is moved to pity. He respects his father's instruction regarding her and tries to lift her from her lower self. But the woman is humanly irredeemable.

When Shakespeare depicts the woman who is wholly animalistic, as he does Cleopatra, his valuation is low. He does justice to her massive and luscious sensuousness, but he places her in another plane than that in which Portia moves with Brutus or in which Imogen shines with ray serene. She is a slpendid animal and delights as such, but she inspires no spiritual love. Antony sinks with her and loses the higher quality.

Shakespeare never loses sight of the true proportions of human nature nor forgets the part that sex plays in human life. He is no Puritan, no ascetic, no stoic, but a healthy, percipient, sensitive man. In his sketch of Perdita he shows his deep apprehension of the emotions in the heart of a healthy maiden. Through her he expresses the intelligence that realizes all that belongs to reproduction. She has studied "the art which shares with great creating nature" its marvelous life processes. She has watched the flowers in their generation and her observation has made her ready for her own womanly part. Of that she is not ashamed to speak. She has instincts that are rich in vital skill, but she has added to them knowledge which will be of practical service to her in her own breeding sphere. With fine natural grace, in which there is an essential chastity, she talks of these things, blushing only for the manner, not for the matter of her frank chatter. In her we see the making of the true woman, fit to be wife and mother. Shakespeare lets us know by her that real modesty and true knowledge go together. There is no radical virtue in ignorance, no beauty in incapacity. The capable woman *knows* and therefore is fit. She *understands* and is worthy accordingly.

Without making an odious comparison, we may compare Perdita with Ophelia. The younger maiden was reared in natural scenes and stimulated to observation and thought by the seasonal activities around her. There was marvelous vitality and expressive emotion in all nature's processes. Every act of reproduction was a wonder. She read the parable of the seed and the flower intently and her soul drank in wisdom from the germination and blossoming. She was chastity initiated into nature's mysteries of generation and silently assimilated the essence of its motherhood. Through her foster mother she acquired an efficient training in housewifery, while her gentle tastes and reflective disposition were highly touched.

Ophelia suffered from the want of good motherly and womanly influence. Her character lacked the primal layer of virtuous sense and intuitional principle which a true mother's teaching and example provide. Unfortunately she spent the "morn and liquid dew of youth" in a dissolute court. On the throne were those who profaned sexual relations. The atmosphere was polluted and she drank carnality with every breath and was unconsciously vitiated. In her sanity she had artifice enough to hide sensuality, but in her madness it came out with a flood. Miss Latham discerningly says, "The girl herself lacks the healthy practical tone of mind, the self-reliance in little things which a rough open air rearing would have given her." She was nervous and timid and accustomed in her solitariness to "conceal all the hopes and fears, thoughts and feelings that make up her girl's life." She had not the healthy stimulation and counteraction of the company of those of her own and the opposite sex. Therefore she lacked mental substance and moral character.

She was bred in false conditions and grew up incapable in spirit. Hamlet saw the irony of her case: "God hath given you one face anl you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble and you lisp and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance." With her Hamlet felt that he could be "a breeder of sinners" only. She was utterly unfit for healthy and lofty spiritual motherhood.

By other illustrations Shakespeare lets us see that even where social conditions are not positively vicious, unless girls are trained to know all that is implied in their sexual faculties, they cannot be fit for mother-

hood. The wisest administrators of scientific knowledge today desiderate that "both boys and girls by the time they reach physical maturity, should understand the whole mechanism of sex; and adults ought to know something of its chief abnormalities, because without this knowledge it is impossible to sympathize with contemporaries or to read history aright. The story of man has been made largely by sexual perverts, an understanding of whom would modify hero worship and bend morals in favor of rationality and social individualism."

One thing apparent in Shakespeare's presentation of the emotions of woman is his consciousness of the embarrassment of circumstances. In view of that he is anxious to let woman express herself spontaneously and act unconstrainedly. He realizes that conventional conditions are against her. She is not permitted to declare her feelings. She must be silent and hide what is in her heart.

In order to free herself from social trammels Shakespeare shows woman resorting to disguise and going forth from the repressive cell. Her donning of doublet and hose does not represent an attempt to be mannish, but simply the using of the readiest and most serviceable means of escape.

He very subtly represents the impatience of woman under the conditions of submission in which she is held. She is kept as a piece of family property to be disposed of according to autocratic determination without any regard to her personal preference. That is not the way to develop her character, so, for self-protection, she becomes a rebel against parental and social wilfulness.

Among his demonstrative maidens in whom there are signs of healthy life, Hero is the only one who is tamely submissive. The rest are more or less explicitly in revolt. Juliet breaks away entirely from parental authority and loses her life for love. The less exuberant maidens show their feelings with milder tragicality. But in the mildest of them we see the struggle of the woman's soul for freedom and full expression.

Shakespeare makes it quite plain that the existing conditions were not favorable to the wholesome development of woman. He has to show her, as in Julia, full of contradictory impulses, now capricious and frivolous, anon devoted and serious, a creature of dissolving moods.

Scientists tell us that ether has properties so dissimilar as to seem contrary. It has boundless elasticity and yet has the rigidity of steel. It is fluid yet firm; has tenacity and invincible integrity. Shakespeare may not have known this, but in Julia he has presented an ethereal woman. She is compounded of heterogenous qualities. Her heart fibers are as tender as gossamer and yet are strong enough to anchor a man's trust. She has the ardor of sunlight and the intense ice property. Her inconsistencies are delicious; her anomalies charming. She attracts and repels; is yielding and stern. She has the soft dove note, and the vibrant eagle challenge. After some unmaidenly adventures she wins the disingenuous Valentine, who has had intimations of the high imperious thoughts which love gives.

Beside her is Sylvia, in whom there is unity and wisdom. Of all Shakespeare's women she shows the finest integrity. In her case there is a spontaneous love, but she must not avow it. She has to resort to a device to make it known. But the conditions do not lend themselves to natural attraction; there is confusion of affection and the curtain falls on a compromise.

We see by the play that marriage in such conditions is haphazard. The right mating comes by chance, and might be missed. We cannot accept the sacrifice of Hero to Claudio in accordance with her father's will as a satisfactory solution of marriage. She is an example of the pliant, passive, almost spiritless maiden, incapable even of self-defence against slander. She is terrified into silence and lets her virtue go by default of moral assertion. She is an instance of the moral weakness which conventional behavior has brought upon woman. By an established social pressure woman is obliged to suffer dishonor rather than complain, to permit the outrage of her body without resentment and even without mention of it.

The more vigorous and spirited women such as Beatrice cry out and have woman's honor avenged, but they are regarded as unwomanly by their passive sisters.

In Viola we see woman's love in the perfection of chaste odorous blossom. She has a rich and well compacted personality. She has high worth but no gaudy show. There is healthy passion and fine control in her love. She is one of the maidens who have needed to escape from repressive conditions. She must needs fain to be a man and her modesty and unselfishness make her assumption of the part supremely difficult. She has strong intellectual power and also a shrinking reserve. Her love is altogether poetic and spiritual; because it is so, she is entitled to say she knows

> "Too well what love women to men may owe."

Her spiritual passion tells and we are made sure of a happy union.

By several examples Shakespeare shows the beneficial effect of the touch of nature on the woman's soul. Not only as an escape from cramping conditions, but for positive spiritual education he takes his maidens—Perdita, Rosalind, Celia, Viola—out to nature. We see them developing intellectually and morally, and the rigors they experience produce health and wisdom.

There are many counsels regarding marriage in Shakespeare, some suggested, others expressed. He discountenanced hasty and impetuous matches. The sage friar cautions the lover who stands on "sudden haste"

> "Wisely and slow; they stumble, that run fast."

and he repeats the counsel with emphasis:

> "These violent delights have violent ends. . . .
> Therefore love moderately: long love doth so."

Shakespeare approves love at first sight and trusts the spontaneous attraction of it. He takes great delight in the early, coy, surprised girlish passion, and is glad in ministering to it and bringing it to its goal.

He glories in the free and full love of the grown woman, gives it abundant liberty and lets it rise and flow out in sparkling purity and joy. But he does not commend hero worship. The woman must not be a vassal or a parasite to slave and cling, but a comrade on equal footing, with her own interpretation of things and her own things for interpretation. There is no independence possible for any man or woman; they are dove-tailed socially, but each should have an

individual integrity by which in union they experience mutual support and satisfaction.

Shakespeare at his highest insists on the equality of the sexes in all that belongs to life. He perceives the interrelation of the sexes and knows that they are mutually dependent. The true marriage is that between the manliest man and the womanliest woman, each thoroughly individualized and lovingly mated for life-long partnery. The man must not be a tyrant nor the woman a shrew. The tyrant must be subdued (allow Beatrice for that) and the shrew must be sweetened.

Perhaps Katharina yields too much when she says:

> "Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
> Thy head, thy sovereign."

But Petruchio will not be presumptive and there will be balance of power, for the taming has attuned both.

The counsel which Orsino gives:

> "Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself"

is conventional. There is no reason in nature why disparate ages should marry. Physically it is well that man and wife should be equal in age; but on purely spiritual ground (if there is such) it is not age that matters but understanding and correspondence of character.

There are tragic marriages in Shakespeare which have their terrible lessons. The most unbearable of them is that which fills Denmark with foulness and weakness.

In the case of Macbeth and his wife there is love enough of such sort as they can have, but they are set on evil. The supernatural feminine influence is evil, and Lady Macbeth's own presence is baleful. Nothing but horror can come upon the man, madness on the woman and ruin to the throne.

With Othello and Desdemona the danger came from the male side. The women of the drama are true, but the men are not wholesome. Othello is irascible and insatiable. He is overcome of his bulk and strength, and wrecked in the whirlwind of his fiery passion.

In contrast to such discordant marriages is the happy one of the shepherd in the "Winter's Tale." Drawing on his lively memory of his home partner the old man pictured the bustling wife,—

> "She was both pantler, butler, cook:
> Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all;
> Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here
> At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle:
> On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
> With labor."

The things that wreck marriage, according to Shakespeare, arise from imperfectly disciplined character, jealousy, petulance, lack of sufferance, want of confidential consultation, desire for mastery. Marriage is not the rule of one but of two with equal rights. And the two rulers are not echoes or duplicates but complementals, each needing the wisdom of the other.

What has marred marriage in the past is the conception of it as an autonomy on the part of the man. He set up as a hierarch with sole power over the woman and the household, she being regarded as inferior, entirely subservient to male desire. The conception was utterly sensual. It was not thought that the woman was capable of having any intellectual say or that her moral power was of any state account. A clever woman was deemed dangerous, even something of a witch, and her genius was suppressed.

Shakespeare saw the rising of woman to fit comradeship with man. Of what he thought was due to the aspiring womanhood he spoke with his accustomed frankness through Prospero in presenting Miranda, his "rich gift" to Ferdinand:

> "Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
> Worthily purchased, take my daughter."

With fit respect for the woman who "outstrips all praise," Ferdinand vows that as he hopes

> "For quiet days, fair issue and long life
> With such love as 'tis now."

Nothing—"the strongest suggestion
Our worser genius can" tempt with shall ever melt his "honour into lust."

Shakespeare leaves sexual relationship there, and in the holiness of the intercourse imagined with love's pure desire, all the lewdness of the talk of his frank men and women is dissolved and we are prepared for nuptials consecrated by spiritual love.

> "Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments. Love. . . .
> is an ever-fixed mark,
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
> It is the star to every wandering bark."

NEUTRALITY.

Today we stand in wondrous awe,
What are the nations fighting for?
What means this clash of fire and sword?
Have mercy on thy people, Lord!

Why write the history of our race
Use sword for pen, in scarlet traced?
Why bring this misery and woe
To human hearts that peace should know?

What grievance hath the common man
With other race or creed or clan?
Why must the peasant tribute pay,
The War Lord's murder bill defray?

Great Christian nations cultured hosts,
What fallacy thy vaunted boasts!
How barbarous the arts of war
What are the people fighting for?

The military nations know
That fire and blood will freely flow,
'Tis sure the reign of King and Czar
Provokes the savage thirst for war.

God speed the day by prophets told
When reason's rule surpasses gold
When man to brother man unite
And every wrong shall be made right.

The kings who rule by "Right Divine"
Must to the people's rights resign
With crumbling thrones and falling crowns
Democracy shall win renown.

Columbia! Thy work today
To show the world a better way.
Seek not commercial gain to see
But strive to serve Humanity.

The brotherhood of man shall know
The joy of service here below
With faith in God and fellow man
The Prince of Peace may come to reign.

"Camp Bell."

From the Henry Ford Peace Expedition

Address by Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly of Lincoln, Nebraska Delivered to Over 2,000 People and Wildly Applauded at the Circus, Stockholm, Sweden, December 29, 1915

The telegraph and the submarine cable, the wireless, the camera and moving picture, the daily newspaper, the express train and the ocean liner, have shrunken the boundaries of the world. In my city of Lincoln, Nebraska, which lies in the center of America, we are closer today to our brothers in Stockholm than were the citizens of ancient Athens to the citizens of Thebes.

The happenings of today in the great centers of population are flashed on the wires over the land and under the sea to the ends of the earth. The gossips and doings of the world the day before we find in our morning papers.

The cries of agony from the battlefields of Europe have commanded our attention. Even the moanings of mothers, the bitter pleadings of hungry children have reached our ears. We have seen the anguish of sweethearts and wives. We have heard across the sea the shriek of shell, and the cursings of men, mad with the lust of blood. Among us are citizens born in the belligerent countries whose nearest and dearest seek to kill one another on the battlefields of Europe. We are a long way off in miles, but in symathy, in affection and love we are close to the bleeding heart of Europe. We believe that wherever wrong is done, and injustice exists, wherever there is suffering, there is our call to duty.

We have come not to interfere, not to intrude, but with you we seek to help in the name of our common humanity which knows no boundary lines. We represent the heart of America which beats in sympathy with the people of Europe, caught in the grip of that gigantic monster, militarism. That America which is seeking to prevent our own country from being caught in the same fearful system. In my own city, as well as in hundreds of other cities of America, thousands of people are hoping and praying for the success of our adventure. They desire that you will understand them, that you will co-operate with us in our endeavor to discover or to offer to the warring nations a just basis for peace, and above all to secure universal disarmament. The eight thousand people who stood at the pier for two hours before the Oscar II. sailed, cheering, singing and wishing us God speed, were typical of America. In that great crowd was John Burroughs, poet, naturalist, lover of mankind, whose name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken. There was Thomas Edison, master of electricity, a hero of civilization, and William Jennings Bryan, the great leader of Democracy, who gave proof of his opinions to the plans of makers of munitions of war in our own country by resigning the high office of Secretary of State in order to devote himself to the cause of peace and disarmament.

We do not represent the makers of munitions of war in America, but we do represent the America of Benjamn Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry B. Lloyd, Eugene V. Debs, Frances Willard, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of Jane Addams, and of Carrie Chapman Catt; the America which seeks to make our country not great in size, but beloved by all; not powerful in armies and navies, but in loyalty to the great ideals of democracy, justice and brotherhood; the America which affirms "The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

We come to you, whose hearts beat in sympathy with ours, whose ideals are our ideals; to you who dare uphold the banner of peace, and to highly resolve that this preparation for slaughter, this expenditure of life and treasure for the destruction of civilization must forever cease on earth.

The time has now come when men and women must say that we will die for peace. We must affirm that the chariot of Mars, the god of war, can only go forward over our dead bodies. We have prepared for war; we must now for the sake of countless generations that will come after us, prepare for peace.

We have listened to the voices of generals and diplomats, and above all, to the makers of munitions of war. We must now heed the voice of the people. We must obey the pleadings of mothers, the pitiful cries of children. The millions of toilers in shops, factories, mines and fields must rise in their power and might against the hideous system of preparation for war, in America as well as in Europe, which has brought upon the world this awful calamity. We must say to the manufacturers of munitions of war, builders of guns and battleships, "We will heed your voices no more."

We are no longer to be food for cannon. Mothers are no longer to be breeders of children for the human slaughter house. It is because we have heard the cry of the toilers, in America as well as in Europe, that we are here asking your co-operation. We ask that you join with us in a world-wide protest against the whole military system. We together will raise a voice that will reach high heaven. We together will utter a command that will compel the attention of the rulers of the nations of the earth.

We are on a pilgrimage which has for its end not only the establishment of an unofficial conference which will consider a just and honorable settlement of this war, and endeavor to effect this result, but we are here also on a higher mission. We seek to gather together all the forces which are opposed to war, to unite all the peoples of the earth against this survival of barbarism, in order that war may be banished from the earth forever and a day.

When the people of all countries in their power and might unite, they can shake from their limbs the chains of this awful slavery. The day is at hand, the hour is here, when you, joining hands with the men and women of other lands, can sweep from the earth every trace of this ancient and damnable superstition of militarism. We come, armed not with guns and cannon, but with a more powerful weapon—an ideal.

The reactionary Pobiedonoshchew, once procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia, said, "There is more explosive power in an idea than in all the dynamite in the world." He ought to have known. The wild shrieks that went up from the makers of munitions of war when we left America is evidence that he was right. If we hold high before mankind the ideals of brotherhood, of justice, of peace, we can and will shatter every stronghold of militarism on earth. No matter how strong are the foundations on which it

rests, no matter how powerfully it is buttressed in the fears and selfish interests of the few, it can and will be destroyed. Our great anti-slavery orator, Wendell Phillips, once said, "You can build your battlements of granite mountains high, in defense of injustice, and in time the pulse beat of a girl will break them down."

No power on earth can withstand the might of a great ideal, backed by the love and sympathy and determination of devoted men and women. We know that the stars in their courses are with us. The eternal forces of the universe are back of us. We know no such word as fail.

The conference at The Hague will center the thought of the world on Peace. It will be a beacon in a night of awful blackness. It will be a spiritual dynamo creating a force the power of which no man can measure. It will stand as an expression of the determination of the people to secure disarmament in Europe and America. It will start a movement which will never rest until the makers of munitions of war are pulled down from their seats of power.

In 1830 prime ministers, foreign ministers, diplomats and the world of wise men said the unification of Italy was an utter impossibility. But one man, Joseph Mazzini, an exile, without money or world influence, said, "Italy shall be." The balance of power in Europe, the selfish interests of dynasties, the power of mighty armies, were as nothing against the sword of the ideal wielded by this fearless youth. He brought to the support of his cause thousands of the youth of Italy, who recognized but one banner, which bore the single word "Duty." In thirty years his dream was realized. Men and women of neutral countries—men and women of all countries—unite under the banner of Duty, in the name of Humanity! Listen to the voice of those who suffer, which is the voice of God. Arise, and in your power and might sweep from the earth the terrible dragon of Militarism! I appeal to you in the name of America, which is already tainted with the lust of war. Untold millions of dollars coined out of the blood and tears of the men and women of Europe are being used at this very hour to mislead and corrupt with an unholy fear the people of my country. We need your support in the fight we are making against preparedness for war. Unless our plan for disarmament is heard we, too, may be caught in the grip of the same monster that is devouring Europe.

In America the makers of munitions of war recognize that our mission is directed against them. They have not failed to use every possible method to discredit Henry Ford and those associated with him. Our problem is your problem, and your problem is our problem. We together must present a united front against those who fatten on the blood and souls of men and women.

I appeal to you in the name of humanity to unite with us in this great cause. It is for us to say that war shall be no more. It is for us to unite in the name of brotherhood, to save the generations to come from the awful calamity which has befallen us. Let us take, as we enter this crusade against the atrocious war system, the words, written it is true in time of war, by that great citizen of the world, Abraham Lincoln, and make them our model in our campaign for peace and disarmament: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the brunt of the battle, and the widow and the orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." Then shall come the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

Ford Peace Expedition

The Ford Permanent Peace Tribunal has established headquarters at the Grand Hotel, Stockholm. The following Swedish members to the tribunal are announced by the press bureau:

Mayor Carl Lindhagen of Stockholm, member of the Swedish Parliament for twelve years; Prof. Ernest Johann Wigfors of the University of Lund; Frida Steenhoff, president of the Swedish National League for the Protection of Motherhood; Johann Bergman, professor of philosophy; and Prof. Hans Larsson of the University of Lund, a leader of the Liberal party.

He kept his soul unspotted
As he went upon his way,
And he tried to do some service
For God's people every day.
He had time to cheer the doubter
Who complained that hope was dead,
He had time to help the cripple
When the way was rough ahead.
He had time to guard the orphan
And one day, well satisfied
With the talents God had given him,
He closed his eyes and died.
He had time to see the beauty
That the Lord spread all around,
He had time to hear the music
In the shells the children found;
He had time to keep repeating,
As he bravely worked away,
It is splendid to be living
In this splendid world today.
But the crowds, the crowds that hurry,
After golden prizes, said
That he never had succeeded
When the clods lay o'er his head.

. . . . . .

"'For this true nobleness I seek in vain;
In woman and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life springs are dried up with burning pain.'
Thou findst it not? I pray thee look again,
Look *inward* through the depths of thine own soul,
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
BE NOBLE, and the nobleness that lives
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

For darkness passes; storms shall not abide;
A little patience, and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide,
The singing floods return in joy at last.

The night is long and pain weighs heavily,
But God will hold his world above despair.
Look to the east, where up the lurid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Materialism and the Way Out

Rev. Robert S. Loring

When we work our way back through the history of religion and inquire about the attitude of man towards nature, we find it is usually one of perplexity, of distrust, of fear. The savage does not know the best way of dealing with nature, and so nature appears as one of his troubles rather than as one of his joys. He has to spend much time trying to coax or to bribe nature, or the many beings who live in the different parts of nature, to "have a heart," to be a little more reasonable, to send sunshine and rain at the proper season, to give the thunder and storm, the earthquake and flood, a much needed rest.

If we pass from this most primitive attitude to the nature myths of such a highly developed civilization as that of Babylonia and Assyria, we find that this same inability to understand nature leads to the association of disorder and chaos with original matter. The stuff of which the world is created is the primeval slime, from the awful abyss, in which dwells Tiamat, a kind of monstrous dragon deity, mother of all serpents, and reptiles, and hurricanes, and furious dogs, and mighty tempests, and fish men. How to bring order into this chaos is the problem of the Babylonian story of creation. The god Marduk slays the foul monster of the abyss, splits "her open like a flat fish in two halves," and out of one half forms the heavens, above which he, like the Hebrew and the Christian god, is supposed to live. References to this idea of creation are found in the Old Testament, where the Hebrew deity, however, is given the credit for slaying the monster.

> He stirreth up the sea with his power,
> By his understanding he smiteth through
> Rahab (the dragon),
> By his spirit the heavens are garnished;
> His hand hath pierced the swift serpent. (Job 26.)

If we pass to two of the great religions of the world, which originated in India before Christianity, and which are still alive and influential, we find the distrust of nature continues. The writers of early Hindu books regard the Brahman as pure and spiritual, while this world is impure and unspiritual. There is so much difference between them that it seems as though this lower world could have no direct connection with the infinite spiritual being. So sometimes it is held that this world is not the direct creation of the highest deity, but has been formed by some power which flowed out from him and is less complete and less pure than he is. Or it is boldly denied that this world is real at all. Salvation is then to be won through the knowledge of the unreality of this evil world, through meditating on the one perfect and complete reality, until all other thoughts except that of unity with the Brahman are driven out of the mind. If we turn to Buddhism we find a similar distrust of this world. Living within the world of nature might be described as much the same thing as living within an institution for the feeble-minded. An officer in such an institution may be kind to the inmates; may feel pity for them; may exercise the virtues of charity and love; but, if he thinks steadily and thoroughly, he knows it is impossible to reform his world, to do it any permanent good, to bring order and salvation into it. So the wise follower of Buddha recognizes that it is impossible to bring order and salvation into this unenlightened world of illusion and desire. The wise man gradually detaches his feelings from the illusion, and hopes in some different and higher sphere to lose desire, and with it to lose the world, and so gain undisturbed rest and peace.

When we pass from Brahmanism and from Buddhism to Christianity we find the distrust of nature stated in a different way. No inferior power, no intellectual delusion, no insane desire for rebirth is responsible for the world. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," are the first words which meet us in the Bible. All seems prepared for the harmonious inclusion of both nature and man within a divine intelligence and order. Such unity, however, did not last. The more men thought about pain and disorder and evil the more impossible it seemed to assign these directly to beneficent deity. So the blame for all trouble was gradually laid upon Satan. At first he works only by permission of God. He is allowed to bring misfortune upon Job in order to prove him. Later he seems to grow in wickedness and to get busy without waiting for anybody's permission. In the "wisdom of Solomon" we read that "God created man to be immortal," but that "through the envy of the Devil death came into the world." In the New Testament Satan appears with regal rank. He is the prince of this world, who perverts the Scriptures, opposes God's work, hinders the gospel and is the father of lies. Since this world is thus given over to Satan, the good man is he who turns away from the natural world and centers his affections on the supernatural kingdom of heaven. He is to take commands literally which we today are inclined to take only figuratively. "Love not the world nor the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is of the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world," which is to say that within the natural order, or the natural disorder, there is no salvation to be found.

From earliest times, then, there seems to have been a deep-rooted distrust of nature. This appears among savages as a blind, emotional fear of that which they cannot understand or control. In such religions as Brahmanism and Buddhism and Christianity it appears as an intellectual and moral protest against the seeming unreasonableness of this world. Now it is to be noted that all three of these higher religions offer the same method of relief. They all advise that salvation is to be obtained by running away from the natural world. The Hindu is to train his *thought* to run away from the unreality of this world and to fix itself only on the perfect unity of the Brahman. The Buddhist is to train his *desires* to run away from the temptations of this world until at last he loses even the desire to cease desiring and finds his rest in Nirvana. The Christian is to train his *affections* to run away from the vainglory of this world and to center them on the supernatural kingdom of heaven. He is to find salvation in religious rather than in secular duties. He is to turn from the world to pray at the feet of some saint. He is by faith to be saved out of the wicked world into some high and heavenly bliss.

Now materialism, with its desire to include all

things within nature, to connect all events with natural law, makes an increasing amount of trouble for those persons who still live in that part of religion whose password to salvation is "skidoo," and whose mystic heavenly number is "23." Any person who seeks salvation through a running away process, who tries to immigrate with his thoughts or desires or affections to some better spiritual climate, has a hard time of it in our modern intellectual life. For if he stops running long enough to look over his shoulder he finds that Nature, as commonly interpreted by science, is gaining on him, is including more and more of his life. Formerly Nature was thought to furnish only the dirt out of which some deity could form man. Now Nature produces germ-plasm, and fish, and reptiles, and birds, and animals, and boastingly asks, "Why not also man?" The old-fashioned Christian keeps on running, but shudders back, "Even if my flesh, and nerves, and bones are like those of the animals, my moral nature, my power of social organization have been divinely given." But, says Nature, "Your own studies show that I produce love in the animal world, the law of the herd and of the pack, why not also the social laws and affections of human animals?" The man, still running, seizes upon the last straw: "At least, if you gave us the flesh, and if you taught us something of social manners and family love, you have no hold on our souls, your power ends at the line which separates the natural from the supernatural, the earthly in us from the divine." But, asks Nature, "Where is this line? What is a soul? What have you got in your smaller self that I have not in my larger self?" The worst thing about all this is, that in this running debate science seems to side with nature. Science is the college "yell master," or at least the cheering grandstand, which shouts with glee whenever nature seems about to overtake man and eat him up alive.

Science is hopeful that there is nothing in the universe which lies wholly beyond the region of the explainable, hopeful that everything is at last connected with, if not identical with, the laws of energy, of motion, of chemistry, of physics, of biology and other so-called natural laws.

Science likes to hold that there is nothing outside this universe, nothing apart from law, no supernatural for the older type of religious believer to run to. This of course means that the advice usually given by the great oriental religions must be exactly reversed; that man should cease to try to run away, and should try to make the best of his present world. The Hindu should regard the unity of the Brahman as the illusion and this present world as the only real. The Buddhist must turn aside from the empty dream of the peace of Nirvana and attach his desires to the activities of this present life. The Christian must turn from his theology of a supernatural kingdom of heaven and go to work to improve and make orderly the social conditions of the present world.

It must be admitted if man through thousands of years has been taught to distrust nature, and to flee away from nature for salvation, it is not very pleasant to have modern science come along, with its inclination to materialism, and hint that there is no supernatural Brahman, or Nirvana, or Heaven, as far as it can see, in which man can find refuge. What should be the attitude taken by calm spectators of this conflict, by those of us whose religion is not of the "heaven is my only home" variety, and who therefore can look without fear upon modern scientific discoveries? Ought we to lament bitterly with those old-fashioned believers, who seem to have been overtaken by nature, or may we rather smile a little at their troubles, as we smile at the imaginary troubles of children? Should we encourage them to multiply their pleading prayers, to hold desperately to old theological dogmas, to rely on the magic sacraments of some church, or should we rather advise mental treatment, a course in mind cure, a large antitoxin dose of the modern and scientific point of view?

The matter seems to turn upon the questions, "What kind of Nature has been chasing after man?" and "For what purpose is this Nature trying to overtake man?" Is it running after man just because it is hungry and wants to eat him alive, or is it running after man as a truant officer runs after the small boy, because it wishes to bring him to school, to train him, to do him good? Is it only that Nature which is "red in tooth and claw," or is it that newly discovered kind of Nature, which on the higher side of the process of evolution produces the love of the animal for its young, the care of parents for their children, the social organization of the tribe, the state, the nation, and perhaps some day a completely united and peaceful world? Is it only the Nature whose swollen streams cruelly wash away our cities, or also that Nature whose streams most of the time turn our mills and help to light our streets; that is, is it only Nature as opposing us, or is it also Nature co-operating with us, or at least willing that we should co-operate with it? Is this new Nature only blind energy, brute power, chemical organization, or is it also something shot through with attractive colors, with sweet sounds, with readable laws, with so much that is good to live with, to study, even to love;—perhaps itself the home of the Indwelling God?

The way we may perhaps work ourselves free from a crude materialism, the way in which the conflict between man and Nature, between old religion and new science, may approach a solution, may be illustrated from that interesting book by A. W. Solenberger, "One Thousand Homeless Men." A boy who had run away from home drifted into the Bureau of Charities in Chicago. The workers there had heard of this boy; they took him into the office, set him to work and gradually tried to persuade him to go home. The boy, however, constantly refused to go, even after they had promised him a new suit of clothes so that he would not have to look like a tramp. Finally, after much coaxing, the reason came out. "When I get home they will be glad to see me, especially mother, and they won't say anything; but after a while they will begin to throw it up to me that I ran away, and the first time I do anything a little bit out of the way my father will try to put me into a reform school, and I'll never stand for that. Now I've had a hard time since I left home, and I'm older and have learned a lot, and I'm a lot changed; but of course they won't know that, and I can't tell them, and they won't understand, and I will just have to run away again; so I thought perhaps I had better not go back at all." It is plain that if the same boy had to go back to the same parents the same old trouble would occur. The parents had to be taught

by experience, as well as the boy, before they could feel at home together. If the same man, ignorant of how to deal with and to read Nature, has to go back to the same hard and antagonistic kind of Nature, the same lack of home feeling will again result. Some new scheme for a supernatural salvation will have to be devised. But if a new and modern man, who has learned better how to co-operate with Nature, goes back to a new kind of Nature, which is seen as willing to co-operate with man, then the result may be both different and satisfactory.

The way into materialism, into a better and deeper knowledge of the laws of the outer universe, may then be the shortest and safest way out of materialism, the path on which we can best travel from a lower to a higher view of the natural world, from a position of fear in the presence of Nature to one of increasing confidence and trust. "A little philosophy," said Bacon, "inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." When we notice that the scientists who most study Nature have the least fear of Nature, and the most joy in Nature, shall we not believe that it is a more thorough study of the marvelous world in which we live that is to bring about a new home feeling? Is it not probable that the optimism of science in regard to the world in which we live and move and have our being may pass into and merge with the faith of a new and purified religion? Since Nature appears to the modern man, who has been influenced by scientific thought, less as chaos and more as order, less as dark and dreary matter and more as wonder working energy, less as a slimy monster of the deep and more like a wise text-book from which valuable lessons may be learned, then being limited to Nature may be no real limit at all, being included within its rule may be the same as being made partakers of an infinitely rich and precious life.

All but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

By ceasing to run away from Nature, by driving the old fear of Nature out of his mind, by stopping to greet Nature and to study Nature's laws, man may not be deprived of his vision of a heavenly city, but only transform it into a social kingdom of this earth, may not lose a divine object of religious faith so much as find new traces of Indwelling Steadiness, and Beauty, and Law, and Love.

Lift up thy head, and walk
Crawl not like a groveling worm
For if thou crawlest through this life
Again thou must return.

Lift up thy voice and sing
Like the lark set free by the dawn
If by complaints this life be marred
Again thou must be born.

Go out in the world and work
Nor list to the praise of men
For if thou doest aught for praise
Thou must come back again.

Awake, thou child of God,
Show forth the Christ within
Then shall thy earthly life be done
Thy truer life begun.

—A. M. Trippett, *author of "A New Year Prayer, 1916."*

Religion and Truth

Science, which seeks knowledge of the visible world, does not compromise. And philosophy, which seeks knowledge of the invisible world, should not compromise. The answers of science rest on facts; and the answers of philosophy, to those questions we unceasingly ask, should rest on truth. But when philosophy comes down from this high ground and begins to compromise, philosophy is of no use to religion.

Recently being sad and sick I found great comfort in reading again Emerson's Divinity School Address, an epochal utterance in the religious life of America and Europe. And I noticed while speaking generously of Jesus (who has spoken more so?), he recognized that Jesus was entirely human, or if divine he was divine as you and I are divine.

But a number of our ministers, while no doubt agreeing in thought with Emerson, use words about Jesus identical with those employed in the old churches. Now this seems to me to be a kind of intellectual immorality. We call ourselves philosophers or thinkers, but the true philosopher or thinker does not compromise, or seek to veil his meaning under accommodating language.

We must go about finding the truth just as the great thinkers have always gone, with absolute sincerity. When confusions and fictions flee away, truth cannot be that which is convenient, profitable, or consoling, for then it would be just what we wish it to be.

The critical intellect is a high faculty, but the great faculty which makes man supreme is the creative intellect or imagination. But in its use there must be no compromise or subserviency. Religion is vitiated by the slightest speck of dishonesty.

Philosophy's work is to discover the meaning of things, and to that work she must strictly confine herself.

James G. Townsend.

EVENING PRAYER.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With folded hands or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humblest trust mine eyelids close
With reverential resignation:
No wish conceived, no thought expressed,
Only a sense of supplication,—
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak but not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

—*S. T. Coleridge.*

For Religious Training in the Home

A committee from the Unitarian Sunday School Society is desirous of obtaining information of books, stories, songs, pictures and any material found helpful from experience in the religious training of children in the home. Every parent or guardian having the knowledge of the existence of such material is earnestly requested to put the committee on the track of it by notifying the chairman of the committee, Charles T. Billings, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Charles T. Billings.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

FIRST-HAND NEWS FROM THE FORD EXPEDITION.

(Lincoln Centre last week welcomed the first of the returning knights who sailed away several weeks ago on the Peace pilgrimage on the Oscar II. Our visitor was Mr. Alfred W. Kliefoth, the Departmental Secretary of the Church Peace Union, and he has been acting as assistant to Mr. Louis P. Lochner, the official Secretary of the Ford Expedition. During his short stay at the Centre a nimble pencil caught the following fugitive remarks from the lips of this eyewitness:)

Mr. Ford's leaving the party was a question of health entirely. The doctors declared that his health could be restored only by his returning to America, or going to the interior of Europe, and of course the latter was impossible. He was only one of many people who were ill when we arrived at Christiania. Six of them were taken to the hospital the first day, and one died a little later. The Europeans understood the situation and the cause of Mr. Ford's return, he having had a conference with the European journalists in his room before he left. Of course the American newspaper men knew all about it also.

Mr. Ford's place was taken by a committee of seven, called the Executive Commitee. This committee was appointed by Mr. Ford and his advisers before he left. Then Mr. Jones was selected by the committee as its chairman after Mr. Ford left. Mr. Jones was a constant surprise to every member of the Expedition because he kept so well physically, and was always ready for hard work, night or day, responded promptly at all hours either to speak in public or preside over a committee meeting or do anything else useful. To Mrs. Jones must be given some of the credit for this. She never failed to be with him, whatever the function, business or social, on the boat or on land, watching over his welfare. On her own account Mrs. Jones became the best beloved woman in the party.

One thing that helped to keep Mr. Jones so busy was the fact that every one in those European countries who wanted to recognize or to call on the Expedition, called on Mr. Jones; so between meetings of one kind or another he was continually receiving public people, and that involved the returning of the calls also.

On board ship, no matter how stormy the weather, Mr. Jones was never idle long enough to be sick. None of those actively engaged in work were seasick. One of the things which took so much time was the fact that each member of the party was given the opportunity of presenting his or her views in full, and in each case these were discussed, the object being to clear our own atmosphere before we arrived in Europe, to understand each other's point of view and wants. Also each party was given a chance to speak in public. The rest of the time on the trip over we were occupied in trying to sift out and concentrate and formulate all the ideas thus put forward, so that we would have as simple and brief a formula as possible. Mr. Ford provided business facilities on the boat, stenographers, etc., and every press representative could have the use of a stenographer in writing out his or her stories as we went along. After our arrival in Europe the Expedition consisted of a pilgrimage through the neutral countries, in order to create popular opinion in favor of an unofficial conference, and that object was attained. When we arrived at The Hague we had gone through all the neutral countries according to our plan, and every detail of our carefully planned program was carried out. At the end of the pilgrimage each of these neutral nations was asked to select five men or women, and altogether these persons so chosen would constitute this unofficial neutral conference to sit until the end of the war. These people in their unofficial capacity would act as go-betweens amongst the warring nations to bring together the business people,—for instance, the business people of Germany with the business people of England, or members of the German Reichstag with members of the English Parliament. We saw instances which proved to us that this is not an impossible thing. In Copenhagen we saw German merchants dining together very sociably with English merchants. In this way it is hoped to find the points of contact, the points upon which the warring nations can agree, thus making a beginning which we hope will lead to the bringing together of official Germany and official England and all the rest. It does not take an idealist to see the logic of this plan.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jones sail, as they hope to on February 5, there will be left in Scandinavia representing the Ford Expedition, Mr. Louis P. Lochner, Mr. C. F. Aked, and the European members of the Conference who have been already selected or will be selected

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shortly. The Americans selected as permanent members of the coming conference are Mr. Ford, Miss Addams, and Mr. Bryan, all of whom are now, to my personal knowledge, arranging their affairs to leave for Europe at the earliest opportunity.

SHAKESPEAREAN CLELBRATION.

New York City has in hand a project in commemoration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death next spring. Men and women prominent in the arts and in all that relates to the better life of the city are combining for this festival, which is to have its crowning significance in a Community Masque written by Mr. Percy MacKaye. This may be performed in Van Cortlandt Park in May with the co-operation of prominent professional players, the best musical talent, and large bodies of trained amateurs. The work will illustrate the development of the drama through the ages. The author, with poetic courage, has elaborated his theme from the characters in Shakespeare's "Tempest," and the masque promises to be the most impressive work of the kind yet attempted in this country. It should reflect credit upon the growing spirit of artistic homogeneity in New York.

Leslie's.

HOLY DAYS.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart,
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows,—
The happy days unclouded to their close,
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires, that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

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1240 Belmont Ave., Lake View 3456
936 North Branch St., Superior 6117
Foot of So. Water St., Randolph 2125
1100 N. Halsted St., Dock, Superior 300

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1733 N. Kildare Ave., Belmont 7657
1800 N. Crawford Ave., Belmont 3456

Location and phone Number—

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4553 Armitage Ave., Belmont 6839
1769 Milwaukee Ave., Humboldt 357
3801 Milwaukee Ave., Irving 22

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Kedzie Ave. and Kinzie St., Garfield 3456
342 N. Oakley Ave. West 443
Wood St. and Carroll Ave. West 246
2512 West Fulton St. West 1223
Kenton and Park Ave. Austin 37

SOUTHWEST SIDE

Blue Island Ave. and Wood St., Canal 1515
18th and Sangamon Sts. Canal 1737
18th Place and Western Ave. Canal 500

Location and phone number—

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44th and Federal Sts. Armour [Ave.] Kenwood 3456
71st St. and S. Chicago Ave. Stewart 4567
1311 State St. [team track] Calumet 917
26th St. and So. Park Ave. Calumet 3799
61st St. and Blackstone Ave. [Wash. Ave.] Hyde Park 131
34th St. and Racine Ave. Yards 890
35th and Normal Ave. Yards 2841
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